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A
P O E M
ON THE
D E A T H
OF THE LATE
Earl STANHOPE, &c.

[REDACTED]

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

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A
P O E M
O N T H E
D E A T H

OF THE LATE
Earl STANHOPE.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the
Countess of STANHOPE.

By Mr. PITT, of *New College, Oxon.* *R*

*At length, Grim Fate, thy dreadful Triumphs cease,
Lock up the Tomb, and seal the Grave in Peace.*

L O N D O N :

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P O E M

D E A T H

W A S H I N G T O N

C O N T A I N S



1851

I

A

P O E M

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE LATE

Earl *STANHOPE*, &c.

NOW from thy Riot of Destruction
(breathe,
Call in thy raging Plagues, thou Tyrant
(Death :
Too mean's the Conquest which thy Arms
(bestow,
Too mean to sweep a Nation at a Blow.
No,

No, thy unbounded Triumphs higher run,
And seem to strike at all Mankind in One;
Since *Stanhope* is thy Prey, the Great, the
(Brave,
A nobler Prey was never paid the Grave.
We seem to feel from this thy daring Crime,
A Blank in Nature, and a Pause in Time.
He stood so high in Reason's tow'ring
(Sphere,
As high as Man unglorify'd cou'd bear.
In Arms, and Eloquence, like *Cæsar*, shone
So bright, that each *Minerva* was his own.
How could so vast a Fund of Learning lie
Shut up in such a short Mortality?

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 3

One World of Science nobly travell'd o'er,
Like *Philip's* glorious Son, he wept for more.

And now, resign'd to Tears, th' Ange-
 (lick Choirs,
 With drooping Heads unstring their Golden
 (Lyres,
 Wrapt in a Cloud of Grief, they sigh to view
 Their sacred Image laid by Death so low :
 And deep in Anguish sunk, on Stanhope's
 (Fate,
 Begin to doubt their own Immortal State.

But hold, my Muse, thy mournful Tran-
(sport errs,
Hold here, and listen to *Lucinda's* Tears.
While

While thy vain Sorrows echo to his Tomb,
Behold a Sight that strikes all Sorrow dumb;

Behold the Partner of his Cares and Life,
Bright in her Tears, and beautiful in Grief,
Shall then in vain those Streams of Sorrow
(flow,

Drest up in all the Elegance of Woe?

And shall the kind officious Muse forbear
To answer Sigh for Sigh, and tell out Tear
(for Tear?

Oh! no; at such a melancholy Scene,

The Poet echoes back her Woes again.

Each weeping Muse should minister Relief,
From all the moving Eloquence of Grief.

Each

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 5

Each like a *Niobe*, his Fate bemoan,
Melt into Tears, or harden into Stone.
From dark Obscurity his Virtues save,
And, like pale Spectres, hover round his
(Grave.
With Them the Marble should due Mea-
(sures keep,
Relent at ev'ry Sigh, at ev'ry Accent weep.

Britannia mourn thy Hero, nor refuse
To vent thy Sighs and Sorrows with the
(Muse :
Oh ! let thy rising Groans load ev'ry Wind,
Nor let one sluggish Accent lag behind.

Thy

Thy heavy Fate with Justice to deplore,
Convey a Gale of Sighs from Shore to
(Shore.

And thou, her Guardian Angel, widely
(spread
Thy Golden Wings, and shield the mighty
(Dead.

Brood o'er his Ashes, and illustrious Dust,
And sooth with Care the venerable Ghost.
To guard the noble Relicks, leave a while
The kind Protection of thy fav'rite Isle :
Around his silent Tomb, thy Station keep,
And with thy Sister-Angel, learn to weep.

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 7

Ye Sons of *Albion*, o'er your Patriot
(mourn,
And cool with Streams of Tears his sacred
(Urn.
His wondrous Virtues, stretch'd to distant
(Shores,
Demand all *Europe's* Tears, as well as yours.
Nature can't bring in ev'ry Period forth,
A finish'd Hero, of exalted Worth,
Whose Godlike Genius, tow'ring and sub-
(lime,
Must long lie rip'ning in the Womb of
(Time:
Before a *Stanhope* enters on the Stage,
The Birth of Years, and Labour of an Age.

In Field, and Council, born the Palm to
(share,
His Voice a Senate, as his Sword a War:
And each illustrious Action of his Life,
Conspire to form the Patriot, and the Chief:
On either Side, unite their blended Rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly Blaze.

Stand out, and witness this, unhappy
(Spain,
Lift up to View the Mountains of thy Slain:
Tell how thy Heroes yielded to their Fear,
When *Stanhope* rous'd the Thunder of the
(War:
With

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 9

With what fierce Tumults of severe Delight,
Th' impetuous Hero plung'd into the Fight.
How He the dreadful Front of Death defac'd,
Pour'd on the Foe, and laid the Battle waste.
Did not his Arm the Ranks of War deform,
And point the hov'ring Tumult where to
(storm ?
Did not his Sword thro' Legions cleave
(his Way,
Break their dark Squadrons, and let in the
(Day ?
Did not he lead the terrible Attack,
Push Conquest on, and bring her bleeding
(back ?
Throw

Throw wide the Scenes of Horror and De-
(spair,

The Tide of Conflict, and the Stream of
(War?

Bid yellow *Tagus*, who in Triumph roll'd,

Till then his turbid Tides of foaming Gold,

Boast his rich Channels to the World no
(more,

Since all his glitt'ring Streams, and liquid
(Ore,

Lie undistinguish'd in a Flood of Gore.)

Bid his charg'd Waves, and loaded Billows
(sweep,

Thy slaughter'd Thousands to the frightened
(Deep.

Confess,

Sup-

Supported bravely all the Nation's Weight,
And stood the publick Atlas of the State.

Sound the loud Trumpet, let the solemn
(Knell
Bid with due Horror, his great Soul farewell.
Tune ev'ry martial Instrument with Care,
At once wake all the Harmony of War.
Let each sad Hero in Procession go,
And swell the vast Solemnity of Woe.
Neglect the Yeugh, the mournful Cypress
(leave,
And with fresh Laurels strew the Warrior's
(Grave.

There

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 13

There they shall rise, in Honour of his Name,
Grow green with Victory, and bloom with
(Fame.

Lo! from his azure Throne, old Father
(Thames,
Sighs thro' his Floods, and groans from all
(his Streams:
O'er his full Urn he droops his rev'rend
(Head,
And sinks down deeper in his ouzy Bed,
As the sad Pomp proceeds along his Sides,
O'ercharg'd with Sorrow, pant his heaving
(Tides.
Low in his humid Palace laid to mourn,
With Streams of Tears, the God supplies his
(Urn.

C

Within

Within his Channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his Bounds the Deluge
(of his Woe.

But see, my Muse, if yet thy ravish'd Sight
Can bear that Blaze, that rushing Stream of
(Light;

Where the great Hero's disencumber'd Soul,
Springs from the Earth, to reach her native
(Pole.

Boldly she quits th' abandon'd Cask of Clay,
Freed from her Chains, and tow'rs th' æthe-
(real Way:

Soars o'er th' eternal Funds of Hail and Snow,
And leaves Heav'n's stormy Magazines be-
(low.

Thence

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 15

Thence thro' the vast Profound of Heav'n

(she flies,

And measures all the Concave of the Skies:

Sees where the Planetary Worlds advance,

Orb above Orb, and lead the starry Dance.

Nor rests she there, but with a bolder Flight,

Explores the undiscover'd Realms of Light.

Where the fix'd Orbs, to deck the spangled

(Pole,

In State around their gaudy Axles roll.

Thence his aspiring Course, in Triumph,

(steers,

Beyond the golden Circles of the Spheres;

Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the Seat Divine,

Where Nature never drew her mighty Line.

16 *A P O E M on the*

A Region that excludes all Time and Place,
And shuts Creation from th' unbounded
(Space:

Where the full Tides of Light, in Oceans
(flow,

And see the Sun ten thousand Worlds below.

So far from our inferior Orbs disjoin'd,

The tir'd Imagination pants behind.

Then cease thy painful Flight, nor venture
(more,

Where never Muse has stretch'd her Wing
(before.

Thy Pinions tempt immortal Heights in
(vain,

That throw thee flutt'ring back to Earth
(again.

On

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 17

On Earth a while, blest Shade, thy
 (Thoughts employ,
And steal one Moment from eternal Joy.
While there, in Heav'n, immortal Songs)
 (inspire,
Thy Golden Strings, and tremble on thy
 (Lyre,
Which raise to nobler Strains th' Angelick
 (Choir.)
Look down with Pity on a Mortal's Lays,
Who strives, in vain, to reach thy boundless
 (Praise:
Who with low Verse profanes thy sacred
 (Name,
Lost in the spreading Circle of thy Fame.
 Thy

Thy Fame, which, like thyself, is mounted
(high,

And Thou, his pious Confort, here below,
Lavish of Grief, and prodigal of Woe:

Nor let thy Sorrows violate his Peace.

This Rage of Anguish, that disdains Relief,
Dims his bright Joys, with some Allay of

Look on his dearest Pledge, he left behind,
And see how Nature, bountiful and kind,
Stamps the Paternal Image on his Mind.

Oh!

Death of Earl STANHOPE. 19

Oh! may the hereditary Virtues run
In fair Succession, to adorn the Son ;
The last best Hopes of *Albion's* Realms to
(grace,
And form the Hero worthy of his Race :
Some Means at last by *Britain* may be found,
To dry her Tears, and close her bleeding
(Wound.

And if the Muse thro' future Times can see,
Fair Youth, thy Father shall revive in thee:
Thou shalt the wond'ring Nation's Hopes
(engage,
To rise the *Stanhope* of the future Age.

F I N I S.

Book of Faith & Hope. 19

Oh! may the heavenly Virtues run
In the succession, to adorn the Son;
The full hope of a future Nation to
(Grace)

And turn the lives worthy of his Race;
Some Men will say, it may be found
To thy heart, O close her bleeding
(Wound)



And if the Mind thro' future times can see,
That Youth thy Father shall revive in thee;
Then shall the word thy Nation's Hope
(Grace)

To the the glory of the future Age

FINIS

